# Beatrice Fairfax Writes of

Readers of this column are invited to seek the advice and counsel of Beautric Fairfax in matters affecting their relations with other peo-ple. Names of writers are never published without permission of the

olf every married woman would ; wee as much common sense in regard to her husband and his foibles as she does in the purchase of a hew hat or a becoming costume. Tewer men would be able to "get away" with the things they do. Every mail brings me letters in which married women rant at women who are "leading their husbands

No matter how old and experienced the man-no matter how young and unversed in the ways of the world is the girl-nearly ev-"poor Freddy" as a helpless babe an the hands of a super-vampire.

To only a few of these married women does it occur that "poor Freddy" exercises a will of his own dn all other matters, from how he runs business to what he wears in the way of necktles-and, therefore, is only doing what he pleases when he associates with women other than his wife. But many other wives are as blind as newly born kittens. The girl or the woman in the case is "chasing" her hushand; he doesn't really want to be with her, but he is "tempted" bewond his strength.

Name So Blind.

And so, with such guilible geese as these for wiven the husbands chuckle at the case with which they pull the wool over eyes that won't see the true state of affairs. Many of these wives are so easily fooled that their husbands believe it's a shame NOT to feel them.

Did there wives who always blame their own sex but realize it. they are simply aiding abetting their husbands in their affairs and firtations away from their own fireffies. From a child up, the male of the species loves to be told that he "can't help it"-no matter what "it" is. It relieves him of so much responsibility! It leaves them so delightfully free to wander where fancy calls! It is just the attitude, when grown up, men want their wives to take. And as long as the wife blames the other woman, as long as she is a "soft and forgiving fool" (as one cynic voiced the label), as long as she lets him "get away with it." husbands will ontinue to stray and-stray further and further away.

Sensible Wives Refuse to Be Humillated.

Why, in the name of heaven, a mife who proudly boasts that her Busband is shrewd and keen in all other matters, and amply able to take care of himself, can believe that he is doing other than he wants to when he spends his time with one also has always been befond my comprehension. Far from being "chased" by women, as their soives fondly delude themselves into believing, they seem to shine as sprinters when they are headed away from their own homes and on the alluring trail of some other

That they continue to sprint and are allowed to continue, is the fault of the wives themselves. When women who are wives have strength of character enough to demand that their husbands do differently, then. and only then, will they change their ways. When each wife who finds herself spending all her evenings alone has the moral courage to demand that her husband live up to the moral code or sacrifice his wife, his home and his children as the alternative, many of these "stay-out-every-night" husbands. finding they are no longer coddled in their peccadillos, will speedily change their ways. The wife who ceases to "put up" with such irregularities will at least gain her husband's respect, if she doesn't regain his love. She will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that she hasn't connived at his indiscretions. Nine out of ten times the husband thus forced to behave himself will demonstrate how easy

Husband a "Con" Artist." A case in point is outlined in the following letter: DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have read with interest your letters and would like a problem of my own solved. I am a woman of thirty-five, with a husband forty-five. We have been pals the fittern years of our murried life, though we have five children. I don't go out often on account of the children, but I entertain my husband's business friends quits a bit. My husband has told me of husband's business friends quits a bit. My husband has told me of the advances made to him by women, and his associates tell the same story. One woman in particular has telephoned time after time to make a date with my husband. He told me, whenever she called, to say he wasn't in, but often he has answered the phone himself. I've stood beside him and ligtened to her trying to coax him to come over. He has often made a date to end the conversation, and then not keep it. Of late she calls nearly every day at dinner time, and he has been most acrossic with her. My husband has always been an awful teame, but I've never been jealous, knowing there was no cause, but of late each time I answer that woman's call I feel so enraged I can scarcoly centrol my-self.

self.

I have a little friend who is experiencing the same thing, only she believes her husband is keeping his engagements. If he says he is going to lodge or downtown, she spends all the evening walking the floor, and she has changed from a plump little partridge of a woman to a shedow.

plump little partridge of a woman to a shadow.

Tell me, why should such women be allowed to break up happy homes? Should there not be a law to punish such parasites? Ofttimes the children are sick or cross. Then wouldn't a man be tempted to spend the evening where these were no cares or annovances? there were no cares or annoyances VERY MUCH PUZZLED.

Wife Made a Public Laughing Stock. Anyone but "Very Much Puzzled" would see through the whole game in the twinkling of an eye. Anyone else would see that the husband is making his engagements with this other woman right under her eyes and nose. Anyone else would see that this is an arrangement between themselves whereby she does the telephoning beause the husband is not free to initiate the telephone call while his

The little friend, although younger, apparently has more horse sense. Of course, her husband is keeping the engagements just the same as the husband of "Very Much Puzzled" is. No woman ever 'chases" a man unless the man is "chasing" her, too, or, at least, en-

couraging her to chase him. No, my dear, "these women" do not break up homes. No one can break up your home but you or your husband. Your husband could stop this thing in twenty-four hours if he really wanted to. Don't blame your own sex. Call your husband to account. Don't let him continue to humiliate you and keep you worried and harassed.

### Cape and Scarf in the Smart New Models Little Tricks For Women Problems in Life and Love Reproduced by Special Arrangement with Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine



asked, delighted at his interest. "Well, first, we'll summon a waiter-and then we'll have a quiet little dinner at home like old times and talk it over. Does that suit

you, Princess Anne?" My face tingled at the old title and when I put my hands up to my forehead, I could feel a little pulse thud-thudding very fast. After all, Jim is still my man, and no matter how he hurts me he can make me "By Jove!" cried Jim suddenly, "I have it \* \* \* Princess Annemy lilac princess. That's how you'll go-as the lilac lady. And no one at the party'll look sweeter." "Jim's lilac lady." The old name \* \* The dear, dear name,

A Rule of Etiquette.

Little Frankie, while being reprimanded by his teacher for some misdemeanor, sat down, leaving her standing. She reminded him that no gentleman should seat himself while the lady with whom he is conversing remains standing. "But this is a lecture," replied Frankie, "and I am the audience."

Puss in Boots

By David Cory.

66 CO you're going to make a Puss, as he and Mr. Rowcy Frog and the rat reached the dusty highway.

"Yes, sir-ree," replied Mr. Rowley Frog. "She lives just over there." And when Puss looked across the meadow he saw a cute little house not very far away.

"Looks like a pretty nice little place," said the rat: "let's hurry along." So all three started off on a run.

When they came to the door of Mousey's Heigh-ho, says Rowley. They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call.

Pray. Mrs. Mouse, are you within?

Heigh-ho, says Rowley.

Oh, yes, kind sire, I'm sitting to spin.

"I guess she's too busy," said Puss. "We'd better not interrupt her." "Nonsense," replied Mr. Rowley

who was looking out of her little window. Then Mr. Rat took off his cup and said:

Frog, bowing low to Mrs. Mousey,

Tray. Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?"
Heigh-ho, says Rowley.
"For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer." "Indeed, I will not," said Mrs.

Mousey. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! And as for Mr. Anthony Rowley, he must thrown away that horrid cigar if he wants to make a call on me." Well, goodness gracious! Didn't Mr. Rowley look ashamed! He threw his clgar away at once, and Mr. Rat hid behind Puss, he was so embarrassed, and as soon as Mrs. Mousey saw what they had done, she smiled and

"Pray, Mr. Frog. will you give us a Heigh-ho, says Rowley. But let it be something that's not very long."
"Indeed, Mrs. Mouse," replied the Frog.
Heigh-hoy, says Rowley.
"I've caught quite a cold, for it's damp
in the bog."
"Since you' have caught cold," Mr. Frog. Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
"I'll sing you a song that I have just
made."

But first she opened the door and invited them in. "I'm not afraid of you," she said to Puss, "for I know you are Mr. Puss in Boots

Well, just as soon as they were all seaged, she began to sing: "Mrs. Mousey has a housey.

Very small and trim.

Nice Swiss cheeses good for sneezes,
Filled up to the brim.

Also candy, fine and dandy. Ice-cream soda, too. .
If you're nice to little mice,

give some to you "I'll see that my two small friends behave," said Puss with a grin. So pretty soon Mrs. Mousey brought out all these good things to eat, and in the next story I'll tell you what happened after that. Copyright, 1919, David Cory, To Be Continued,

in Household Economics

Readers of The Times are urged to exchange news and visus of household economy in this column. If you have a good recipe, an original method of saving money, or a short cut in housework, send it is the writer of this column, in care of The Times.

ing short of angelic. We all drank

bitter coffee and consoled our-

seives that we were "helping." We

went without sweets and our fav-

orite cakes. We gave up puddings

and sauces, but always there was

the inspiring thought that our

soldiers were thereby having

enough and that we were giving

our share to the unfortunate peo-

Today, however, the state of the

public mind is quite a bit diferent.

No one can see any very good res-

son for a sugar shortage at this

time and grumbling and complaint

is heard on every hand. The belief

that bad management somewhere

along the line makes sugarless

meals genuine hardships, when a year ago they were sublime sacri-

Thank Providence for Honey.

But, if we can't buy sugar, we

can't, and, until we can, we must do,

the next best thing-which is to

hunt up substitutes. I shall be

eternally grateful to any of the

women who will send in "sugar sub-

stitute" ideas and recipes in which

other commodities than sugar can

Honey is, of course, a real God-

send when the cook finds her sugar

tin empty. Cakes made with honey

keep soft for months, as does honey icing. Honey is slightly acid

and better results are obtained by

using baking sods rather than bak-

ing powder in recipes which contain

it. It may be substituted for sugar

in any favorite recipe, replacing cup

for cup. As a cup of honey con-tains, besides the equivalent of a

cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of

water, use that much less liquid

than is called for in the original

recipe. Honey retains enough of

the perfume of the flowers from

which it comes to impart a distinct

flavor to the dish it forms a part of

and for this reason it is much

which honey is substituted for

sugar, and as they are vouched for

by the Department of Agriculture,

it is quite safe to try them out.

Honey Icing.

Boll together the sugar and the

water for a few moments and then

add the honey, taking precautions

to prevent the mixture from boil-

ing over, as it is likely to do.

Cook until drops of syrup keep

their form when poured into cold

water. Beat the white of the egg

until stiff, and when the syrup has

cooled alightly pour over the egg,

beating the mixture continuously

until it will hold its shape. This

frosting is suitable for use between

layers of cake, but is rather too

soft for the top. It remains in

good condition and soft enough to

be spread for many weeks and,

therefore, can be made in large

quantities for use as needed. After

eight months such icing has been

% cup honey. 1 egg\_white.

I am giving a group of recipes in

prized by good cooks,

cup granulated

sugar.

ple of other countries.

Sugarless days seem to be upon | found to be to good condition and soft enough to cut. is again and no one but a housewife and the mother of the family Sauce For Ice Comm. knows what a trial it is to be short

I tablespeens butter, 16 sup honey. I teamy's cornelarch. of the various kinds of sugar for cooking and table use. You might Cook together the cornstarch and as well ask a business man to get butter thoroughly, being careful not along without stationery for a to brown them. Add the honey and cook the mixtuye until it becomes hard when dropped into cold water During the war the temper of the and until all tasts of raw cornpeople deprived of sugar was noth-

starch has been removed. I'd cups hency. I'd teaspoons soits.

's cup butter. I taking de orangoI ogg yolks. Store wafer (water
I level tekspoons fuled):

ground clumamon, White-I oggs. Rub together the honor and but-

ter, add the unbeaten yelks and beat theroughly. Add the floor sifted with the cineamon and thhe milt: and the soda dissolved in the orange-flour water. Beat the mixture thoroughly and add the well-beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in shallow tins and cover with frosting made as follows:

Orange Prosting. Grated rind 1 legs yelk.
orange.
1 telepon lemon juice.
Confectionurs' sugge Mix all ingredients but the sugar

and allow the mixture to stand for an hour. Strain and add confectioners' sugar until the frosting to sufficiently thick to be spread on Naugut Wafers.

toup butter:
1 cup brown sugar:
2 teaspoons powderti cup milk:
5 cup bread flour.
aniesst. Rub together the butter and the sugar and add alternately the milk

and the flour sifted with the spless. Spread in a very thin layer on the bottom of an inverted dripping pan or on flat tine made for the purposs. Mark off into pieces about an inch wide and four inches long and put together in pairs with honey nougat filling made as follows: And if you went a filling, try the following recipe:

Honey Filling for Nongat Waters.

Boll the sugar, water and honey together until the syrup makes a thread when dropped from a spoot. or until drops of it held their shape when poured into cold water. Beat the eggs to a stiff froth, your than ayrup over them, put the dish holdng the mixture in a place where it will keep warm bull not could rapidly, beat until it will hold its

Fruit Salad Dressing. sgg yolks. 1 tempoon mustard, tablespoons vine— I teaspoon mit. gar or lemon juice. tablespoons butter. Papriks to issue.

Heat the cream in a double boller. Beat the eggs, and add to them all the other ingredients but the cream. Pour the cream slowly over the mixture, beating constant ly. Pour it into the double boiler and cook until it thickens, or mix all the ingredients but the cream and cook in a double boller until the mixture thickens. As the dressing is needed combine this mixture with whipped oream. This dress ing is particularly suitable for fruit

# To School in a Quarry

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever.

CEVERAL miles out from the limits of a big city and at the terminus of a troiley line l found an eighteen-year-old youth heaving a rock into a big cart during an eight-hour day at 50 cents per hour. He was working with a gang or negroes and whites feeding a hungry stone crusher and his stunt was about thirty tons per day. Here indeed was a "melting pot," with no breeze blowing and the thermometer standing at nearly 100 degrees.

The case of this youth was so rare and so significant that I decided to inquire into his entire life situation and determine its value on the basis of the five great conditions essential for the well-being of society, which are: health, industry, recreation, sociability,

spirituality. Now, as is known by many, I never grade a person on his material wealth, but on the character of his mind, spirit and method of living. So I shall now score this youth of the stone quarry on the 100 per cent scale and with respect to the five essential elements given above. I want this matter to stand out sharply to the many young men who read my articles and to the parents of boys of all agres. HEALTH-Clear eye, ruddy skin,

erect posture, muscles tough as

#### BOOKS

FIGHTING WITH THE U. S. ARMY. By Capt. Charles A. Botzford, Canadian Expeditionary Forces. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.

By HARRY EASTON GODWIN., (Age Thirteen Years.) "Fighting With the United States

Army," is a fine story about the war, and all American boys should, and will, be interested in it. The characters are real, true-to-life people. The author is evidently familiar with all kinds of warfare, particularly gas, and he gives fine descriptions of air, land, and naval some one told him was called the battles. The book is full of all kinds of surprises, which are so how they spelled the name. "Some interesting, and some of them so funny and peculiar, that every one will enjoy it.

(Written left-handed.)

whip cords, appetite top motob, direction ditto, and everything else to match. Grade perfect, 100 per cent.

INDUSTRY-Hard worked chicken raising, paper carrying, gardening, rough carpentry, harvesting, general farming, lesson preparation, collecting, building and rock quarrying. There was a very small lack of business experience here, although the boy had \$85 on deposit and about \$800 out drawing interest. But the varisty of the manual work done was excelent for character development. Grade, 98 per cent."

RECREATION - For recreation this youth plays the plane about one hour each evening, goes to the movies once or twice a week week out with a girl Sunday evenings and sometimes mid-week, and spends an occasional hour at a boys' club to which he belongs. During the college year he attends athletic games. Grade, 97 per cent.

SOCIABILITY-By this point is meant sympathy with people, a feeling of commonness and a sense of membership in the great democratic throng. The youth here under test-not yet nineteen-was too young to be fully developed as to his social consciousness, but he was well on the way for one of his years. By touching elbows with common workmen, and by mingling with the complex college society ha was learning to know a full we riety of personalities. Grade, 20

SPIRITUALITY-Here our young . 4 friend made a good showing, as member of Sunday school, Y. M. C. A. ordinary church, and otherwise high minded. He was clean in language and habits and free from the use of liquor and tobacca. Grade, 98 per cent.

Finally, and even more significant as well as surprising, the stone quarry youth is a regular college sophomore and inspired by a clear purpose to finish his course and go on higher. Parents and teachers, study this

case closely, for it embodies the issues out of which we shall be enabled to grow a greater America. So let us have more of the 98 per

As You Please.

Saskaschikuali creek. He asked spells it one way and some spells it another," replied the native, "but in my judgment there ain't any correct way of spelling it."

## hen a Girl Marries A ROMANCE OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE. By ANN LISLE.

Whose newspaper serials are unique in popular appeal and eleverness of construction. CHAPTER CLXXXVIII. Copyright, 1919. King Features Syn-

TARDLY had I persuaded Valerie Cosby to keep the blue robe she thought so gorgeous When a second intruder burst into my spartment. This was a trim French maid, who came in declaring that she couldn't help it-they had phoned Monsieur from the office and he was going back to town, That be'd be right up and that the

dicate, Inc.

weluble, excited. "You understand French, of course?" azked Valerie, turning to me with a slow smile that crinkled up her eyes at the corners and narrawed them to living, black-lashed affire Then to the maid:

maints were ber witness she was not

to blame. All this in French-

"It is very good, Helene, that Monsieur returns. Otherwise I might have been very lonely this evening. But surely you did not come down and leave Rammi?"

The last sentence was said so edidly, so accusingly, that the maid turned and dashed out, excusing gerself all over again very volubly

"You have a little-" I began. Z"A little dog-very little-an Egyptian toy." interrupted Mrs. Cosby quickly, "Mr. Cosby calls him Rameses, and I made his name out of that-Rammi. It just suits. Rammi weighs only a pound, and he's so silky and white-like a tiny

French poodle-a fairy one." She was all cagerness, as she had been over the robe, but soon she apsed into her tone of thick, creamy

"I must go. Poer old Lane is a!ways so cross if I'm not all dressed up when he comes. So I'll have to hurry out of these rags I traveled in, and make myself fine for him, He's such an old dear, isn't he?" "He's a wonderful man. Every ope says so," I agreed.

A Simple Explanation. "Oh, yes. I'd never have married any but a big man-a power. I admire power. I wouldn't be the wife of a man who wasn't at the top-one of the leaders. He'll love ready!" And Mrs. Cosby added ingenuously, "But I'll expect you to Then she blew a kies at me with

the pully, white fingers and hurfied away without seeming to hurry It was time for me to pay Mrs.

O'Callahan and hurry away in turn. For I also must be "fine" when my husband came home. But all the way to the hotel and all the while I was dressing I was thinking uneasily of Valerie Cosby and the blue robe. I kept telling

myself that I was glad to be rid of

the robe at last, that I was gad I had pleased this beautiful, overdressed, over-sophisticated child, that I was sure I had done Jim a very good turn. But somehow that didn't settle my mind. Now the blue robe was gone I began to regret it. Suddenly It seemed very desirable. To give away a possession so gorgeous I hadn't any other pretty things began to look silly. I won-

dered how I would explain to Tom Mason. After all, I had been very high-handed with property I'd never acknowledged was mine. In the midst of my nervous cogitations in came Jim. I turned to him suddenly with a mischleyous desire to know what he would say and do. And I began by blurt-

"Jim, I'm rid of that blue robe of Tom Mason's at last."
"Rid of it?" said Jim in a puzzled tone that might have angered me if I'd stopped to let it. "Why did you take it out of Tom's apartment if you didn't want it? All you had to do was leave it there."

"I didn't bring it. I thought of course, you'd pack it, Jim." "Nope: I didn't. Probably old lady O'Callahan's the guilty party. What did you do to get rid of it-

give it to her" Applause From Jim. "I gave it to Valerie Cosby." I said, enjoying my effect to the ut-"But I was thinking I wish

"To Valerie Coshy? Quit stringing us. Anna, and tell a fellow what you feel like doing tonight that isn't too strenuous after a previous night's sleeps that was three hours "Let's have dinner up here," I

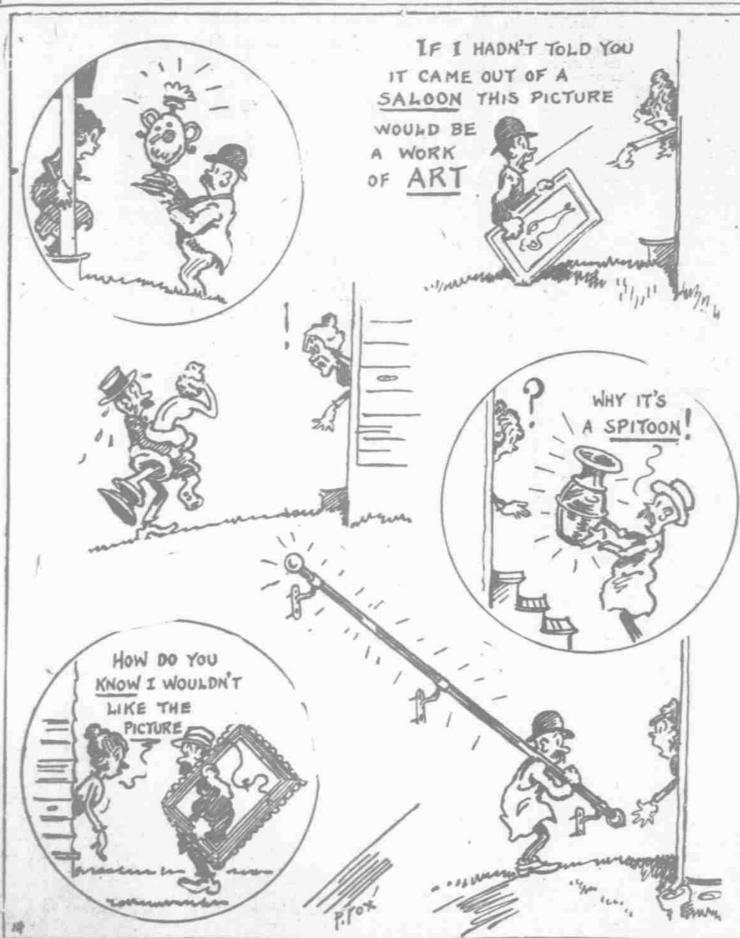
suggested. "But first I'll tell you about Mrs. Cosby and the robe." I plunged into my story and Jim istened in amazement that expanded to delight. "By Jove, Anne, you are a good fellow!" he cried, coming over to seize both my hands in his and

awing me arourd in a little trium-phal dance. "If this doesn't get us in right with Lane Cosby he has the blood of a fish-which he hasn't. You might have worn that robe to the party yourself, you know-and now of course Mrs. C. will deck herself out in it. We'll have to try to get you something just as handsome." "What shall I wear, Jim?" I

The Day the Corner Saloon Was Dismantled the Proprietor Gave Presents to a Few of His Very Old Customers. By FONTAINE FOX.

brought me happiness after all.

To be continued.



(Copright, 1812, hy-the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)